

# Arlington Advocate.

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Vol. 1.

ARLINGTON, MASS., JANUARY 13, 1872.

No. 3.

## Poetry.

### MY PICTURE.

I have a little picture;  
Perchance you have one too.  
Mine is not set in frame of gold;  
'Tis first a bit of blue,  
And then a background of dark hills—  
A river just below,  
Along whose broad, green meadow banks  
The wreathing elm trees grow.  
Upon an overhanging ridge  
A little farm-house stands,  
Whose owner, like the man of old,  
Has builded "on the sands."  
And yet, defying storms and wind,  
It stands there all alone.  
And brightens up the landscape  
With a beauty of its own.  
Fairy like my picture changes  
As the seasons come and go.  
Now it glows 'neath summer's kisses;  
Now it sleeps 'mid winter's snow.  
I can see the breath of spring-time  
In the river's deeper blue,  
And autumn seems to crown it  
With her very brightest hue.  
Ah, I'd not exchange my picture  
For the choicest gem of art;  
Yet I must not claim it wholly;  
It is only mine in part;  
For 'tis one of nature's sketches—  
A wall from that Great Hand  
Which hath filled our earth with models  
Of the beautiful and grand.

## Selected.

### A NAMELESS HERO.

The sea wind went booming and thrilling across the barren, rock-bound coast of Labrador. There was snow on the ground, and the gold was bitter. Mingled with the terrible song of the storm were the groaning crack of a good ship's timbers and the wild outcries of her crew. When these had fallen into awful silence, another sound arose, still sadder in that dreary waste—the wailing of a very little child.

Round a point of rock on a path above the cliff came three small fluttering figures. How they had escaped the wreck or made their way to that place, they could not have told. Two were mere babies. It was the elder of these who made that shrill cry: the youngest lay numbed and huddled up in the arms of his sister, herself far too weak for the burden. She had that power of endurance in a sudden strait which God gives to some by no means the strongest of his creatures. Her childish eyes anxiously peered out into the obscurity in search of a friendly face.

The sound of feet clambering up the cliffs, sending down showers of pebbles, and sometimes slipping back, brought the children to a stand. Was it a friend or foe? Perhaps there were strange fierce animals abroad in this freezing place, where all are strange, or those nameless horrors of night which children dread.

The figure of a lad stepped on to the path. The little girl advanced.

"O, sir!" She could not say a word more, but broke down in sobs.

When the stranger drew near, the boy's terror, too, broke out afresh; he screamed aloud for his mother, and hid his face in his sister's gown.

"Mother will come soon," said the lad. The girl looked up eagerly.

"Will she, sir? And father, too?"

"Yes, we shall find them; never fear. Why, my man, what is it? Look up, and never cry."

He knelt down before the child, and at last mounted him on his own shoulders.

"I can carry baby, too," he said.

"O, sir, he is so heavy!"

"Lighter for me than you, my dear. Now, what shall we do next?"

The boy began to whine again.

"So cold, so cold! want to go to bed."

"And we are very hungry too, sir," added the little girl, in a pitifully patient voice.

"Well, then, we will find a bed at once. And I think I have some supper in my pocket."

Little pick-a-back gave tokens of a desire to have his supper forthwith.

"No; not till you are in bed. We will find a nice warm place. Come, little woman hold my jacket. That will help you."

The children labored on with the cheery guide, who was but a poor, weakly lad, and at last felt his strength failing under the pressure of the wind and the children's weight, and yet there was no sign of human help. Suddenly the fitful moonlight showed a rent in the rocky wall beside their path. Within, at the farther end, he found a small dry space, with a pile of withered moss heaped against the side.

The lad thanked God for it, and framed and smoothed it into a pallet, on which he carefully laid the three little ones.

"Will you lie down too, sir?" asked the courteous, courageous little girl.

"I want my supper," wailed the boy; and the tiniest began to raise a feeble cry.

The lad took from his pocket some hard biscuit soaked with sea-water—nauseous enough; but the children were too hungry to be nice. There was not much, and he divided it all between them.

"Will you not have some of it, sir?"

"I? O, no, my dear. I had my supper long ago."

So the biscuit was all eaten, and the little fellow stopped crying.

"Now you must say your prayer," said their protector.

The poor little lass began dutifully tumbling out of her moss-bed.

"You can lie still dear; I will pray, and you shall say, Amen."

"Will God listen when we are lying down?"

"Yes, to-night he will."

Then, kneeling beside the brave child, he uttered a reverent petition.

"We thank thee, dear Lord, for having saved us from great danger, and pray thee to make our lives worthy of being saved." This was the simple burden of his prayer, ending with the omnipotent "Our Father."

Then he sat down to wait until the children should fall asleep. He would then, he thought, slip away to find their parents and the other survivors, should there be any, and perhaps to get the rest and refreshment he sorely needed. But the unconscious childish selfishness was not yet satisfied.

"So cold!" wailed the boy; and a pitiful little cry, "Baby cold," joined in chorus.

It was in vain to pile the moss around them.

"I want my blanket," was the clear demand.

At last the kind lad, stripped off his jacket, spread it over them, and tucked it in, and then they were satisfied. Shivering as with ague, he crept down beside his trusty little friend, as he somehow felt the brave girl to be, trying to get warm. It would not be long, he thought, before the children would fall asleep, and then he would warm himself with exercise, and find help at last. Once, when all was still, he ventured to move; but this time it was his patient little friend, who pleaded, in a very wakeful voice.

"Please, sir, don't go away. I cannot get to sleep, and I am so frightened!"

So he staid.

It was like a dream to him, and weird, dark hole in the hill-side, looking forth on a path of cloud-swept sky.

And here and there  
A wild star swimming in the dark air.

It seemed that he must suddenly wake, and find himself in his own berth in the good ship, soon to sail fairly into harbor. Yet withal there was a clear consciousness of the children's steady breathing, of the fact that cold, and hunger, and weakness, like murderous reptiles, were sucking away his very life. Then came a vision of his passage in that ship.

A scene on deck; a fragile woman with a gentle, holy face, and he, her son, supporting her; before them a very glorious sunset, with that strangely, sweetly clear and mellow light banding the horizon which makes us fancy that heaven opens there. The two are talking, with the vivid sound of dreams.

"It grows cold, mother; you must go below."

"Stay a moment, love. I shall soon be where suns never set. I feel so peaceful to-night! I know that all is well. When you meet your father, tell him to wait patiently till God shall call him to join me in that happy place. And you, my boy, will keep the same hope in your heart—will you not? But pray that before you die, he will grant you to have lived so that some poor souls may bless you."

The visions changed—a shotted hammock dropped into the sea, and a boy, flung prone upon the deck, crying,—

"Mother, mother, how can I live all alone?" He did not shed one tear now. There was rather a smile on his face as he murmured, "Thank God she went before this night."

He prayed again the prayer she had enjoined upon him, and added this, that his father might be comforted.

One of the children awoke and began to cry, "Mother!" He roused himself again, though numbing frost seemed soaking into all his frame. He soothed the child, and even tried to lull it off with a little story; but the words ran one into another, and that effort came to naught.

So passed the weary night. At length, when dawn had taken the horror from

their sleeping place, he told the children to lie still, for he would go to find their parents, and so left them with a kiss.

He blundered on as in a dream, seeming to see through a mist, with a dim sense of sickness and feebleness.

When or how he hardly knew, he described two haggard figures hastening towards him through the snow. They hurried faster on seeing him, and came up with eager, woeful faces.

"Our children—our three little children—have you seen them? We think that they were saved."

He told them where to go, though, as he spoke, his voice sounded thin and small in his own ears, as if it came from afar. Thanking him with deep gratitude, they hurried by. He was alone again.

As he walked, his breath came sobbing, like that of one plunging into icy water. Short, voiceless prayers arose in his mind.

"O God! O God!" was all he could say, and he kept repeating that like the burden of a song.

At last the air seemed to grow warm, and there was a swirling in his brain, like the eddy of musical waters.

"Why am I walking on, when here is a soft white bed for me?" So he said to himself, and laughed, perhaps aloud. "I am so sleepy, I will lie down. There! O, how good it is to rest! Mother, come and bid good night. Mother, how beautiful you look! And there is father too; I thought he was far away. He wears the same strange, happy look that I see on your face, mother—the look which I always fancied on angels' faces. Put your arm round me. Ah! that is nice and warm. Why are you lifting me up so high—so high? Good night."

When the parents were returning with their little ones, they found their brave preserver lying dead on the snow, not far from the spot where they had parted from him.—*Merry's Museum.*

ROSY PEOPLE IN A DIRTY TRADE.—Dirt is not always unhealthy, nor even (some kinds of) bad smells, but we always supposed that these could be complained of as nuisances, notwithstanding.

The public do not care to know the chemistry of a smell, if it is disagreeable.

Somewhere at Lambeth, a few years since, there lived a bone-crusher, who was likewise a bone-boiler and a maker of soap, and besides all this, did a large business in the manufacture of bone-dust manure by the agency of sulphuric acid.

At last, the combined odors arising from these manufactures, induced his neighbors to send the Sanitary Inspector to speak with him, and in the end he was summoned to appear before a magistrate, and show cause why, as a bone-boiler and crusher, he should not be abolished.

He responded with the promptitude of a man who holds the reins of victory in his hands. He had not one argument to show in justification of his right to keep his mills revolving and his tanks bubbling, he brought with him nine distinct arguments, not one of which could be gainsaid, in the shape of a family of eight girls and boys, with their mother.

The good lady herself had been in stalled mistress of the bone-mill, as soon as, with her enterprising husband, she returned from her wedding tour, and never since had she, for a single month, been away from it.

All the children were born "on the premises," and there they were, well grown, and perfectly jolly and healthy, and not one of them had ever known what serious illness was. Moreover, there was forthcoming ample medical testimony to the effect that, during the prevalence of cholera, that was devastating the neighborhood, not a single one of the many "hands" employed about the awful-smelling coppers was in the least affected. It is very extraordinary.—*Exchange.*

A little three year old, that we hear of, shows a deal of observation, and convinces us that children think much more than they get credit for.

She had a pair of new shoes, and was very anxious to wear them immediately, instead of the old ones. Her mother said "No!" but she insisted, until her father turned toward her a look that carried conviction in it. She drew on the old pair slowly, and whispered to her mother as she did so, "I'll put on my new ones when papa's gone, cos you know little girls never mind their mothers."

An explorer of Africa, on being congratulated at a reception in Washington on his safe return from his perilous travels, said: "Oh, it's nothing to get safe through Africa! But what I feel thankful for is, that I didn't get killed on my railroad journey from New York to this city!"

### COL. JAMES FISK, JR., OF NEW YORK.

On Saturday last, the public was startled by the details of a cowardly assassination in New York, which resulted on Sunday in the death of Col. James Fisk, Jr., an individual known by report the world over, and notable for his enterprise, audacity and bold financial manoeuvres. Few men have become more notorious within the last ten years than Col. Fisk. His career has been without precedent in this or any other country, and it is doubtful if the same conditions will ever occur again, which in one sense have permitted apparent success to crown the efforts of a man whose achievements have won for him a name in business and financial circles. That he has been taken suddenly and violently from the world will be regretted by even those who deplore that it has been possible for any man to offend the moral sense of the community as he has done, and yet receive support and even consideration in the great metropolis of the country. But when it is remembered that the papers of New York have been filled for many months with details of an intrigue, disgraceful and demoralizing even in its recital, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that a violent death should terminate a drama which was based upon the lowest passions of human nature. We do not propose to trace even briefly the outline of his past life, with the hope of furnishing an example worthy of imitation, for there has been little to commend in his career to the consideration of the young. He was not, however, without his good points. He had a helping hand for many a poor fellow, and he was kind and considerate to those related to him. He was anxious for success, and he did not measure by any high standard of rectitude the means to be employed to obtain the object of his ambition. Many have supposed that Mr. Fisk was the tool of men who availed themselves of his audacity to promote schemes which they dared not openly undertake. But he was no man's fool. He possessed powers of physical endurance which enabled him to persevere in whatever he undertook, and to accomplish at times by mere force what others failed in for want of physique. But he had the head to suggest, as well as the hand to execute, and even in Wall street he has again and again outwitted his sharp associates by his cunning and knowledge of human nature.

James Fisk, Jr., was born at Pownall, Vt., April 1, 1835. His father was a peddler, and while his son was quite young he moved to Brattleboro', where James picked up a little education at the country school. At an early age he joined in a very humble capacity, the menagerie of Van Amburg, and held for some years the position of ticket collector. While yet young, he left this employment and associated himself in the peddling business with his father. Many of our readers will remember the scale, on which he carried on the business. His elegant turn-outs, his choice stock of goods and his gaudily decorated wagons were known throughout the State. He organized the business on a new plan. He had his assistants, and he laid out his routes and appointed his rendezvous for Saturday nights, where he received his reports and sent his flying dry goods establishments on their circuits.

His visits to Boston became frequent, for his purchases were large. He had his placards printed announcing the days when the country people might expect his coming. He sent his messengers in advance to give timely warning, and hundreds anticipated his visits with pleasure. He was a quick-witted Yankee boy, with generous impulses, ready to give credit, but quick at a trade, and overflowing with a love of fun. He bought a large proportion of his goods in Boston, and coming in contact with the members of the dry goods house of Jordan, Marsh & Co., who thought they saw in him the making of a valuable salesman, he accepted an offer to enter their employ. For the first six months he did not meet his expenditures. He was not in his element and but for the war, which broke out shortly after, he became connected with this house, he would no doubt have resumed his former occupation. The war opened to him a new field. He saw in it his golden opportunity, and he struck out boldly. He was successful in procuring large contracts and became so proficient in the art of knowing how to procure them that he was admitted a member of the firm. He engaged in successful cotton speculations, and he gleaned in every field where money was to be made. His energy was signally manifested in 1862 when the news of the battle of Antietam reached Boston. He opened, in connection and at the suggestion of Mr. Jordan, a grand receiving depot for supplies at Tremont Temple, and before nightfall he was enabled to collect and despatch to the wounded and suffering, an ample store of lint, medicines and comforts. It was a good deed, and we record it with pleasure.

Mr. Fisk's style of doing business was not, however, in exact accordance with the method and system of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co. He became restive under restraint, and a proposition to dissolve was mutually agreeable. Retiring

with some sixty thousand dollars, he commenced business on his own account in Summer street in 1863, but it was an unprofitable undertaking, and after a few months he closed up and left for New York, somewhat poorer in pocket, but not a bit less energetic. He soon formed the acquaintance of Mr. Daniel Drew, and for a time he was his factotum in various steamboat and stock speculations.

He purchased for Boston parties the Stonington line of steamers then owned by Mr. Drew, and having increased his worldly fortune, he plunged into Wall street, where his inexperience soon made him an easy prey to the men who lived long enough to find that the experience that he bought he knew how to profit by, for he turned the tables upon them and came off victor in the end. Through the assistance of Mr. Drew, he came again upon his feet, and the firm of Belding, Fisk & Co., was formed. The story of his life since then is familiar to every one. He was the ruling spirit of the clique which created the great gold panic in September, 1869; and though he gained no credit, it is generally conceded that he was too wary for his associates. His connection with the Bristol line of steamers, his management of the Opera House, and his raid upon Erie, his brief connection with the Ninth New York Regiment, etc., are merely chapters in the history of this man, whose career has been active and fully incident. It is a disgrace to the nation, as we recently had occasion to state, that the management of a great railroad could be wrested from the control of its rightful guardians and the voice of its stockholders silenced by the decisions of a corrupt judiciary, while a clique of men increase its funded debt by millions of dollars, and so manipulate its affairs that what might have been a grand highway, bringing to its owners a fair interest upon their investment, has been made a source of corruption to the whole State.

There are other incidents in the life of Mr. Fisk which we might dwell upon. We have endeavored to touch briefly upon those which reflected the most credit on the deceased. We regret that they are not more numerous. To gloss over what we conceive to have been pernicious influences of his life would be unpardonable, for though we bear in mind the injunction, to speak only good of the dead, the duty devolves upon every journalist to see that the living are not led to interpret even silence into approval of what is bad in the lives of those who have been prominent actors in events which affect the tone of society and exert a widespread influence. The social relations of Mr. Fisk, though forced upon public attention, we leave to that oblivion which we trust will soon efface them from public remembrance. Colonel Fisk leaves a widow, but no children.—*Boston Journal.*

SOMETHING HAPPENED.—An old gentleman whose style was Germanized, was asked what he thought of signs and omens:

"Well, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, and I don't believe averydings; but I dell you sometimes dere is some dings in sooch dings as dose dings. Now, de odder night I sits und read mine newspaper, und mine frau she speek and say:

"Fritz, de dog is howling!"

"Vell, I don't dink mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say:

"Fritz, dere ish somedings pad dat ish happen—de dog ish howling!"

"Und den I gits oop mit minself und locks out troo de wines on de porch, und de moon was shining, und mine leetle dog he shoemp right up und down like averydings, und he park at te moon, dat vas shine so bright ish never was. Und ash I hault mine bet in de vinder, the old voman she says:

"Mind, Fritz, I dell you dere ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog ish howling!"

"Vell, I goes to pet und sleeps, und all night long ven I wakes up dere vas dat dog howling outside, und ven I dream I hear dat dog howling vorse as never. Und in de morning I kits oop und kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say werry solemn:

"Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen. De dog vas howl all night."

"Und shoost den de newspaper come in, und I open him, und by shings, vet you dink? Dere vas a man died in Philadelphia!"

At the banquet in Annapolis, the other night, given in honor of Duke Alexi, the Russ an minister proposed this toast:

"I drink the health of one of the co-ordinate and certainly one of the most powerful members of the American government—

—Their Fairnesses, the Women of America."

"Grandeur of character," Channing says, "lies wholly in force of soul."



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tising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, JAN. 13th, 1872.

### THE NEW GOVERNOR.

We are getting to like our new Gov-  
ernor. When he was nominated, we had  
the feeling that his selection was due to  
his availability, i. e., his being compara-  
tively unknown, and that those who put  
him forward meant to be a power be-  
hind the throne. He was a good busi-  
ness man and wealthy, an Orthodox dea-  
con of the "Goodheart" family, went to  
prayer meeting at home the night we  
were fighting about him at Worcester,  
and generally behaves himself in a very  
quiet, unostentatious manner. But last  
week he became Governor of the Com-  
monwealth, and we should judge from  
his inaugural address that in regard to  
his duties he will attend to them himself.  
The address begins well, it goes along  
well, and it ends well. The Governor  
means business. He don't stop at gen-  
eralities, but lays the work out pretty  
thoroughly. He knows where he is on  
the temperance question, and sees no  
reason why those who want it enforced,  
believing that will make it obnoxious,  
and those who want it enforced, believing  
that will make it popular, may not all be  
accommodated. He wishes the Governor  
had power to reach every rumshop in  
the land, but as he has not, he will not  
be held responsible. On the woman  
question he is practical, and with labor  
reform he is both practical and just. His  
ideas about a new railroad bill are sound,  
and the advice he gives the Legislators  
in regard to wasting time on hearings  
and discussing unimportant bills, is good.  
Some parties who have hitherto had a  
large hand and a loud voice in running  
our State government, are finding fault  
with Gov. Washburn. We regard this  
as a good sign, and we have no doubt  
the reform discussions of the late canvas,  
have had their effect. The commission  
business around the State House, opens  
dull this year, and our Governor is not  
the man to put life into it.

The healthy, vigorous tone of the mes-  
sage gives promise of a live administra-  
tion, and six months will see his late  
friends and the people changing places;  
the latter loving him, and the former  
wishing they had united on some other  
man.

**ANONYMOUS.**—We do not print anony-  
mous communications. The writer  
must prove his good faith by entrusting  
to the editor his name. Any signature  
will be printed which the author desires,  
but we must know whom we represent.

**MAP OF CHICAGO.**—We have received  
from B. H. McDonald & Co., 32 and 34  
Commerce St., N. Y., an illustrated  
history and map of Chicago and the  
great fire. It is a neatly bound volume  
of 24 pages, and presents in a concise  
form certain facts we are glad to obtain.  
We don't know the price, but as the pro-  
prietors also sell the Vinegar Bitters, we  
presume they would send a copy to any  
one on application.

**TAKE IT TO YOUR HOME.**—It is so much the  
fashion nowadays to convey information,  
and moral truths and sentiments, in the form of stories,  
that even some popular lecturers have adopted this  
style of address. The mass of people, especially  
the young, demand stories to such a degree, that  
papers filled with sensational novels and exciting,  
trashy stuff, have a wide circulation. To forestall  
this taste, and supply something better to the  
masses, the Publishers of HEARTH AND HOME,  
in addition to the usual variety of that paper, have  
engaged a corps of first-class writers, among whom  
are JEAN INGELAW, Edward Eggleston, Mary E.  
Dodge, Louisa M. Alcott, Edward Everett Hale,  
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford,  
Rose Terry, Maria R. Oakey, Lucia G. Runkle, and  
many others, who furnish to this Journal the best  
Original Stories, of the purest character and highest  
grade—thus conveying much instruction in a pleas-  
ing form. Besides these, the weekly HEARTH AND  
HOME contains a large amount of first-class read-  
ing, editorial, literature, art, science, amusement;  
instruction for the housekeeper, the gardener, the  
farmer; a capital department for Children and  
Youth; the news of the day; financial and market  
reports, etc. Its engravings, costing over \$25,000 a  
year, are of a high order of merit, unsurpassed by  
any illustrated paper in the world. Altogether,  
HEARTH AND HOME is such a Journal as may be  
safely and very profitably taken into any family.  
It is supplied at the low rate of \$3 a year; four  
copies for \$11; and ten or more copies for \$2.50  
each. Orange Judd & Co., Publishers, 235 Broad-  
way, New-York-City.

### ARLINGTON LOCALS.

**I. O. O. F.**—At the regular communi-  
cation of the Bethel Lodge, No. 12, Wed-  
nesday evening, Jan. 2d, the following  
officers were installed for the ensuing  
term by D. D. G. Master, Ames Johnson:  
J. A. Marden, N. G.  
W. H. Green, V. G.  
James Wyman, Secretary.  
Wm. L. Clark, Treasurer.  
N. G. Perkins, C.  
Ammi Hall, W.  
A. Frost, I. S. G.  
G. L. Pierce, O. S. G.  
D. Macfarlane, R. S. N. G.  
James Finny, L. S. N. G.  
I. Schuamb, R. S. V. G.  
H. J. Crosby, L. S. V. G.  
W. Toppam, R. S. S.  
E. S. Watson, L. S. S.  
Wm. H. Soles, Chaplain.

**ICE BOAT.**—We observed an ice boat  
skimming the glassy surface of Arlington  
Lake, on Monday last, and for aught we  
know it has done, and will do, the same  
every day while the ice lasts. A sail in  
such a craft must be charming.

**STATISTICAL.**—Our Town Clerk, who  
keeps the run of every thing transpiring  
in Arlington, makes known the fact that  
there were in 1871, 98 births, 34 mar-  
riages, and 57 deaths; of the latter, 19  
were from pulmonary disease.

**RACING.**—This sport on the avenue  
is very much cultivated, even when the  
roads are rough with frozen mud. The  
fast cattle and their drivers, enjoy, it  
hugely, but the market wagons, and  
heavy teams spoil the sport, for the  
drivers of the latter never turn out for  
smaller craft, and the result sometimes  
is a smash. Human nature is about the  
same, all through. Big teams crowd the  
buggies into the gutters, and the buggies  
run over the pedestrians.

**BIG JOB.**—We understand that an  
enterprising mechanic wants to secure  
the contract to shingle the water shed of  
the Lexington Meadows.

**THE ARLINGTON SAW FACTORY.**—  
This factory was established in 1832, and  
has for years maintained a deserved pros-  
perity. It is here that the Welch & Grif-  
fith saws are made, which have long borne  
an enviable reputation for their superior  
excellence. Every kind of saw is manu-  
factured at this place. In 1865 the firm  
received an order from the West, for a 76  
inch circular, the price of which was the  
round sum of \$1000. Great improvements  
have been made at this factory since its  
foundation. Starting with but one room,  
it has been enlarged from time to time,  
until it now contains commodious apart-  
ments for each stage in the operation of  
manufacturing. A great deal of improved  
machinery has been added, by which  
many of the laborious processes of former  
days are avoided. Those desirous of see-  
ing the progress that has been wrought  
in forty years, will do well to call and see  
how saws are made at the present time.  
About forty men are now employed at  
this establishment. To Mr. James A. E.  
Bailey, a member of the firm, the writer  
is indebted for his courteous explanations  
to numerous inquiries.

**ARLINGTON FIVE CENT SAVINGS  
BANK.**—At the annual meeting of the  
Corporation of the Arlington Five Cent  
Savings Bank, held on the 20th ult, the  
following list of officers for the ensuing  
year were chosen, viz:

**President.**—Samuel Butterfield.  
**Vice Presidents.**—Albert Winn, Geo.  
C. Russell, Wm. E. Parmenter.

**Trustees.**—Samuel Butterfield, Albert  
Winn, George C. Russell, Wm. E. Par-  
menter, Nathan Robbins, Wm. F. Homer,  
John Field, John Osborn, Samuel F.  
Woodbridge, James A. E. Bailey, Josiah  
Crosby, Reuben Hopkins, Joseph Bur-  
rage, Jesse Buckman, John Schouler,  
Stephen Symmes, Jr.

**Board of Investment.**—Samuel Butter-  
field, George C. Russell, William E. Par-  
menter.

**Secretary.**—William Procter.  
They have been notified of their elec-  
tion to said offices, have accepted the same  
and been duly sworn.

**WILLIAM PROCTER, Secretary.**  
Arlington, January 4th, 1872.

**FAIR.**—The ladies of the Universalist  
society of Arlington, will hold a Fair in  
the Town Hall, on Wednesday and Thurs-  
day evenings, Jan. 17 and 18. An en-  
dless list of valuable and useful articles  
will be offered for sale, consisting in part  
of a sleigh, harness, robe, afghan, silk  
quilt, china tea set, chair, &c. Beside the

regular sale tables there will be a contri-  
bution table, and one devoted exclusively  
to gentlemen's rich furnishing goods.  
Wednesday evening will conclude with the  
old English comedy of "Little Treasure,"  
by the long established Dramatic Club of  
Medford. Thursday evening will con-  
clude with a dance; music by Gilmore.

**O. F. BALL.**—The Ball of Bethel Lodge  
I. O. of O. F. on Tuesday evening, was a  
great success, and is said to have been the  
best ever given in Arlington. There were  
about 75 couples present, the music was  
by the Shawmut Band, and everything  
was first rate. The newly installed N. G.  
Bro. E. A. Marden, was determined to  
make it a success, and to his efforts much  
is due. Pattee's catering was all that  
could be asked for, and the entire affair  
was perfect.

**ROYAL ARCH.**—Menotomy Chapter, of  
which Mr. W. H. Pattee is Most Eminent  
High Priest, is prospering, and under its  
efficient management cannot fail to main-  
tain a good rank among its contemporaries.  
After the work at its last meeting the  
members called informally at Bro. Pattee's  
newly arranged store, and were hospita-  
bly received by the gentlemanly proprietor.

**DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.**—  
Our citizens were pained to learn on  
Thursday of the death the previous even-  
ing, of Samuel Butterfield, Esq. Mr.  
Butterfield was a native of the town, and  
one of her wealthiest and most enterpris-  
ing citizens. He has been repeatedly  
elected a Selectman, represented the town  
in the Legislature, and at the time of his  
death was President of the Savings Bank,  
and one of its most active managers. He  
has always been interested in agriculture,  
and pursued it in a scientific manner. A  
year ago he fell from a ladder and re-  
ceived injuries which it is thought were  
the remote cause of his death, though the  
immediate cause was an affection of the  
liver. He was a man of great indepen-  
dence of thought, expression and action.  
Thoroughly honest and upright, prompt  
to fulfill his engagements, and an active,  
busy man. He was held in high respect  
by his fellow citizens, and his loss will be  
greatly felt in the town.

### Bedford.

**FUNERAL.**—Died in Charlestown, 30th  
ult., Abner Willis, son of William Willis,  
formerly of Bedford, aged 14 years. Also  
same day, Henry March, son of Charles  
Wood, aged 6 weeks.

The funerals were together in the Uni-  
tarian church, on Sunday afternoon. The  
remains of each were enclosed in a casket,  
profusely decorated with flowers.

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE CHILDREN.**  
The scholars of the Center School, num-  
bering about seventy, were surprised, on  
the opening of the New Year, with a beau-  
tiful book each, suited to their ages. These  
were the gift of Miss Caroline Fitch of  
Boston, a native of this town and one who  
will long be remembered by us all; for,  
when in our younger days, we were equal-  
ly agreeably surprised several times by a  
like gift from this estimable lady. This  
motive of charity and benevolence, which  
she wears to perfection, has but fallen  
upon her from her father, Jeremiah Fitch,  
who will never be forgotten by this town.

**GOOD TEMPLARS.**—A delegation from  
Parker Lodge visited Walden Lodge, of  
Concord, by particular invitation, on  
Tuesday evening last, and had a grand  
time, which was in part a return for our  
hospitality shown to them on the evening  
of our anniversary. They have a beau-  
tiful hall, a fine piano, and are in a  
thrifty condition.

**BALL.**—The New Year's ball was a  
success, but in this little town we are  
divided in religion, and (not to go from  
the sublime to the ridiculous,) dancing,  
and in about every thing; it is a bad  
state to be in, when we are so few as a  
whole, and it seems to me that in the  
work of temperance we are not as united  
as we ought to be, and until we are, that  
degree of success which we hope for, will  
not be attained.

**EPIDEMIC.**—It is customary for the  
people of rural districts to go to the me-  
tropolis for their fashions and amuse-  
ments, but of late we have received an in-  
voice of goods without the trouble of price or the  
asking. A few weeks since a stock of  
"measles" was imported to this quiet  
and peaceful village, which has spread  
with a rapidity nearly equal to that of a  
Paris novelty, and now, although the ex-  
citement has somewhat subsided, there is  
quite a number laboring under this tedious  
aromatic disease. It has assumed a mild  
form, for which we are thankful.

ABRAM.

### LEXINGTON LOCALS.

**A PLEASANT EVENING.**—About forty  
of the citizens visited East Lexington  
Friday evening, Jan. 5th. About thirty  
went down in the chariot of His Majesty  
Darius the Great, and the balance in pri-  
vate conveyances. The destination of the  
party was Adams' Hall, in which the  
East Lexington Dramatic Club give their  
entertainments. The plays for the eve-  
ning were "Nine Points of the Law" and  
"Regular Fix," and to these was added  
the "Imitation Scene" from "Widow's  
Victim." We have much to praise and  
little to condemn. The performance aver-  
aged very well, Mr. Crone and Mr. Mills  
evinced signs of much dramatic talent.  
We congratulate them all and thank them  
for affording us so much enjoyment. We  
trust that they will conclude to play in  
the Town Hall during the season.

**OUR LECTURE SEASON.**—Owing to  
lack of time, we were obliged to simply  
state the titles of the plays presented on  
the dramatic night of the Lecture course.  
The entertainment was a complete suc-  
cess. The Town House was literally  
filled an hour before the curtain rose.  
The Drama, "All that glitters is not  
Gold," was one of the old standard Eng-  
lish pieces and for amateurs was strong-  
ly cast, and rendered very acceptably.  
The Farce "Look after Brown" was  
perhaps not so happy a selection as might  
be; but the restlessness of the audience,  
tired with their long sitting, detracted  
much from the effect. Everybody was  
there, "The woods were full of 'em,"  
and everybody will be there again Feb.  
8th. Despite the bad weather Thursday,  
Jan. 4th, we found a very fair audience  
assembled to listen to the Hon. Emory  
Washburn of Cambridge. His lecture,  
while instructive, was hardly entertaining.  
The history of the adoption of the Fed-  
eral Constitution by the Colonial Con-  
gress is not calculated to interest a gen-  
eral audience. We should like to hear the  
Ex-Governor upon some other and more  
interesting subject.

**SILVER WEDDING AND SURPRISE  
PARTY.**—"So these were wed, and merrily  
rang the bells, and merrily ran the  
years."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr.  
and Mrs. D. A. Tuttle's wedding was  
celebrated at their residence on Hancock  
street, Tuesday evening, Jan. 2d, 1872.  
While the host and hostess were receiving  
their relatives, the friends of the worthy  
couple in town assembled at Mr. C. L.  
Stratton's and thence proceeded to Mr.  
Tuttle's, where they were met by some  
few in the secret and quietly ushered into  
the presence of Mr. and Mrs. T. It was  
a complete surprise to them, and was  
managed quite adroitly. The occasion  
was a very happy one, and was enjoyed  
from first to last. The presents, which  
were tendered with many congratulations  
and kind wishes for the future, were sub-  
stantial and elegant, and displayed fine  
taste in the selection.

The interior of the house presented a  
charming appearance, with its floral ad-  
ornments. In the hall was placed a motto  
commemorative of the event, reading as  
follows:

"1846—Dec. 30th—1871."

Quite a number were present who at-  
tended the wedding a quarter of a century  
ago, among whom were the bridesmaids  
and the widow of the officiating clergy-  
man, the Rev. Mr. Whitman.

During the evening, the Rev. Henry  
Westcott read an Ode, written for the  
occasion by a lady in Boston, who desires  
us to state that "it comes from the pen  
of one, who does not lose her interest in  
her native town." We have been kindly  
furnished a copy for publication.

Winter snows are reigning now.  
Winter winds around us blow.  
Frost is on the window pane,  
His breath is o'er the Earth again.  
But the wind, nor frost, nor snow  
Hath the power to chill the glow  
Of true old friendships gathered here,  
Of Love, long-tried, thro' many a year.

Five and twenty Summers flown,  
Five and twenty Winters gone,  
Since Bride and Bridegroom vowed to share  
Each others joys, each others cares;  
Standing here, amid our band,  
Two, who've walked with faithful hand,  
Bride and Bridegroom of the Past,  
With Sillery tone, we greet at last!

Spared to join this happy hour  
Stand loving Bridesmaids, proving power  
Of friendship's bright, immortal tie.  
Of Love's sweet flame, that ne'er can die.  
The Spring of youth and girlhood's charm  
Hath mellowed into Autumn's calm,  
Yet still their hearts beat warm and dear  
Toward her they served, in bridal gear.

But where the Pastor of that scene?  
Whose voice and smile and tone serene  
Bade blessings fall, as heart joined heart,  
Nor ought on Earth "asunder" part!  
Passed into the "Silent Land,"  
Gone, to be one of the Sainted band,  
Called to his crown, his harp, his palm,  
Welcomed on high, at God's right hand!

Grant, blessed Lord, that we may be  
Found, at thy right hand, e'en as he.  
Like him so live and love Thee below.  
Like him, hear Thy welcome, when'er called to go.  
And grant us Thy blessing and favor to-night;  
O, may this glad meeting seem good in Thy sight!  
Let Bridegroom and Bride, and friends they have  
called,  
Rejoice in Life's friendship, and praise THEE for all.

We earnestly hope that the recipients  
of this surprise may be permitted to en-  
joy another of a similar nature, and that  
it may be Golden instead of Silver.

**ASSEMBLY.**—The first of a series of  
three parties was given at the Town Hall  
Wednesday evening, Jan. 3d. About  
forty couples were present and a general  
good time was the result. The other  
parties will be given upon the evenings  
of the 19th and 31st inst. "Allen" is the  
musical caterer, and those of our friends,  
who do not know "Allen," will do well  
to attend the other parties and form his  
acquaintance.

**Y. P. C. U. DRAMATIC ENTERTAIN-  
MENT.**—In accordance with the announce-  
ment, the Young Peoples' Christian Un-  
ion gave their entertainment upon Mon-  
day evening, Jan. 1st. And although  
there were two other entertainments in  
town the same evening, a good sized  
audience assembled to witness the first  
public attempt of this Society.

The Tableaux were good and gave  
general satisfaction. Mrs. Taylor, Mrs.  
Whiting and Mrs. Ballard furnished the  
vocal and instrumental music.

Stop! We came near forgetting Messrs.  
Babcock and Locke, the latter with his  
song of "You know how 'tis yourself,"  
and the former with his anxious inquiries  
concerning his "Little wee dog."

The plays presented were "The Honey-  
dale Gossip," and the Temperance drama  
"The Last Loaf," and if we may judge,  
we should say that these two pieces suited  
the audience. Some have said it was a  
better performance than that of Dec. 28th  
1871. We cannot see this exactly, as the  
plays do not belong to the same class,  
and cannot properly be compared with  
those produced upon that night. That  
the variety would please more, we have  
no doubt.

So general was the desire to see the en-  
tertainment again, that the Society de-  
cided to repeat it on Monday evening,  
Jan. 8th. Some few changes were made  
in the tableaux and music. With these  
exceptions, the former programme was  
carried out.

The performance was better in all res-  
pects, than the first one. The music was  
especially deserving of praise. It was  
excellent. We hope to hear from the  
Y. P. C. U. again, during the season.  
They know "no such word as fail."

**COMMENDABLE.**—The sexton of the  
Hancock Congregational church, is 77  
years of age, and since the dedication of  
its present place of worship, he has never  
failed on Sunday or at the week day  
meetings to be in place and perform his  
duties.

**HARNESSES.**—Lexington people can  
be well served with harnesses at the shop  
of Lyman Lawrence. They can also ob-  
tain anything in that line there. Patron-  
ize home products, is our motto.

**ACCIDENT.**—On the morning of Jan.  
7th, while workmen were repairing the  
turn table at the Railroad Station, a  
heavy stick of timber fell and crushed  
the ankle of one, and the foot of another  
workman.

**ANOTHER.**—At the 7.10 A. M. train  
from Boston was being switched in, Jan.  
8th, the locomotive, as usual, ran up to  
the turn table, and as that was not in  
position, the engine struck upon the tim-  
bers, instead of the track, and things were  
mixed up generally, in a very short time.  
Engine and table considerably damaged.  
No other injuries.

**GOOD TIDINGS.**—It is rumored that  
the gentleman, who purchased the balance  
of Mr. Witcher's property on Hancock  
avenue, intends building quite a number  
of houses, during the coming season.

**SINGING SCHOOL.**—The singing school  
under the leadership of Mr. F. H. Tor-  
rington is flourishing.

**MUSIC.**—A singing class is held weekly  
by the members of the Hancock Congre-  
gational Society.



**NEW YEARS.**—It has been said that "our town is a quiet place, nothing going on," but should any one who thinks so, take note of the engagements of this New Year's week, he would be constrained to make a different statement.

On Monday evening, Jan. 1st, at the house of Mrs. Davis on Waltham St., members of the Hancock Sabbath School were invited by their Pastor, Rev. E. G. Porter, to pay him a New Year's visit. "From five o'clock to eight" said the invitation, and punctually, the little folks were on the ground, but they were none too early, for they were expected and welcomed. "I want you all to come" said the Pastor, and a large company numbering over ninety assembled "from far and from near." The little folks were hilarious and gave free vent to their jubilant feelings for an hour before the announcement was made "that refreshments would be served." They were then requested to march into the dining room by two and two, and the room quickly filled by the large number, who were regaled by a bountiful and elegant repast, made more attractive by the bouquets of fragrant flowers which ornamented the table.

After supper a genial townsman of ours very opportunely announced "a game!" which was highly appreciated and enjoyed by the children, and a little later all were invited to take seats in another room. Lights were removed, while they were entertained by an exhibition of Stereopticon views, by a younger brother of Mr. Porter, who has lately returned from abroad, assisted by one of the young gentlemen of the Society. These scenes were from the old world, our own country, and some from the life of Christ. Thus instruction was combined with pleasure, and it is believed that impressions will be made upon the mind which will not be easily effaced.

As the hour of separation drew near, the children marched in single file to the table, where each received from their Pastor, a "snapper," a new year's card, and a package of candy; and not unfrequently was one sent "to the little brother or sister at home."

As the "wish you a happy new year" was given, it surely seemed that it would be fulfilled, if we each acted out the spirit of this occasion, in trying, through the year, to give as much pleasure, and as freely as possible.

Thus may we realize, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

**TOWN CLOCK.**—"What's the matter with our town clock?" would be an appropriate subject for the philosophy of Lord Dunderbary, at the Boston. Is it about eight minutes past eight all the time, or is it twenty minutes before two? It is one or the other, and has been so more than a week. For some days we could see persons bound for the 8.10 train at the upper station, running to catch it, not two minutes left. How surprised they were to find this elegant time-piece fast. No great harm is done, because only a few of us can see the dials,—me and a neighbor or two. To us its late mysterious behaviour is a wonder, and its present refusal to behave at all, is "one of those things no feller can understand."

SLAB.

**East Lexington.**

**E. L. D. C.**—The dramatic entertainment at Adams Hall on New year's evening, was a marked success. The plays selected were the domestic drama "Doing for the Best," and the farce "The Widow's Victim." East Lexington is noted for its stage talent, and the exhibitions there, have attracted the notice of outsiders. It is understood that the last performance took so well that the upper villagers secured seats for another entertainment on Friday evening. The club has also received an invitation to perform in the Town Hall. It is the intention of the E. L. D. C., to give an entertainment every fortnight through the season.—Something that requires more unity of purpose than generally exists among amateurs.

**Winchester.**

**CORRECTIONS.**—The amount of money presented to John Carmichael the baggage master at the depot in Boston, by the patrons of the road residing in this town, was forty-three dollars, instead of thirty. So much the better for John, as he deserves it all and more too. The money contributed as a Christmas present to Mr. Elliott, was about two hundred dollars, and was mostly from his friends in this town.

**FESTIVAL.**—The festival usually had by the children of the Unitarian society on Christmas time, was postponed on account of the Fair, to Thursday evening of last week, and came off at that time in the vestries of the church. The children were invited to come at 6 o'clock and then partook of a supper which had generously been provided for them. At 7 o'clock the children and the parents and friends, who were invited at that hour, were seated and were favored with some music from the piano from some of the young ladies, and some tableaux exceedingly well done, illustrating Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes in a pleasant manner. The closing tableaux (a fairy scene), was very finely illustrated by red lights and made a beautiful sight. At an early hour the children left for home, having had a good time, and enjoyed every moment of it.

**RAILROAD MATTERS.**—It is the intention of the railroad officials, as soon as the sufficiency of tracks at the depot in Boston will allow it, to put on an additional train to run out from the city at about quarter of five o'clock P. M., thus relieving the 5.15 P. M. train to a considerable extent.

**OUR SCHOOL HOUSES.**—Much complaint is made at this season of the year of the insufficiency of the heat in some of the school houses, especially the High and Grammar. On some of the extreme cold days the houses have not been sufficiently warm to make it comfortable for the scholars or prevent them from taking cold. We do not know whether the furnaces are suitable for the work assigned them or not, but it would seem that the difficulty is one that might and should be remedied from whatever source it arises.

**WINCHESTER UNION.**—At a special meeting of the Union on Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs. Edwin Lamson was chosen President, and Mrs. J. B. Jenkins Chairman of the Board of Directors, to fill the vacancies caused by resignation.

**BUILDING.**—Mr. C. H. West has nearly completed a new two story house; Mr. A. P. Palmer is doing the work in a thorough and workmanlike manner. Mr. Salem Wilder is building a new two story French roof house on Mt. Vernon street, Mr. Corbett of Woburn is the contractor and C. W. Dorr does the mason work.

**Concord.**

**FIRE.**—A barn near the depot in Concord, owned by Mr. George Hubbard, was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday evening together with the larger part of its contents, which consisted of a large amount of hay and about seventy swine. Twelve of the latter were rescued, as were also two horses and a cow. The contents of the barn belonged to Mr. C. F. Badger, who hired the estate from Mr. Hubbard, who is in Colorado. The loss will be about \$2500. The fire was undoubtedly incendiary, as there has been no fire or light in the barn since Monday night.

**Married**

In Arlington, Jan. 1st, by Rev. W. H. Ryder, Milan R. Hardy and Annette E. Hill, daughter of Ann Hill, Esq.

In Winchester, Jan. 10th, by Rev. Richard Metcalf, Edward W. Horne and Mary J. White, both of Winchester.

In Medford, Jan. 1st, by Rev. Mr. Davis of Weymouth, Thomas S. Davis, of Easthampton, and Susie E. Wade of Medford.

**Died.**

In Arlington, Jan. 10, Samuel Butterfield, aged 61 years, 5 months, 19 days.

In Winchester, Jan. 10, Eliphalet Smith, aged 32 years, 5 months, 25 days.

**Lexington Entertainments.**

The Ninth entertainment will be given at the

**TOWN HALL,**

**On Thursday Evening, Jan. 18th,**

Commencing at 7½ o'clock.

**Vocal and Instrumental**

**Concert.**

Tickets may be had at the Post Office, and at the door. Single Evening, 25 cents. Ten cents for children under 14 years.

**MATTHEW ROWE,**

Dealer in

**FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,**

**ARLINGTON AVENUE,**

**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

**Lexington Advertisements.**

**LYMAN LAWRENCE,**  
**Harness Maker**

AND

**CARRIAGE TRIMMER,**

Main Street, Rear Post Office Block,

**LEXINGTON, MASS.**

Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Currycombs, Surchingles, Chamois Skins, &c., constantly on hand. Repairing promptly and neatly executed. Collars a specialty.

**BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S EXPRESS.**

Lexington & Arlington Branch.

Forwards goods and all express matter to and from BOSTON, ARLINGTON, LEXINGTON, BEDFORD, CONCORD, and CARLISLE.

**OFFICE, 33 COURT SQUARE,**  
**BOSTON, MASS.**

**W. A. LANE & CO.**  
**Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents**  
RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.  
Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitaker's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References made of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

**Arlington Advertisements.**

**PEARSON & TOBEY,**  
**APOTHECARIES,**  
**ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,**  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

A good assortment of PURE

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES,**  
Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles. Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.  
Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 8 P. M.  
Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Balm.

**JOHN FORD,**  
**TAILOR,**  
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

Gent's Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleansed in the best manner.

**CHARLES F. BRADBURY**  
(Successor to Thomas Ramsdell.)

DEALER IN

**BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,**  
Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK: also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

**W. F. WELLINGTON,**

Dealer in First-Class

**GROCERIES,**

Of every description.

Java and other Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

**ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.**

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

**Joseph W. Ronco,**  
**FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,**  
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling, and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

**WILLIAM KIMBALL,**  
**CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER**  
AND HORSE SHOER,  
Arlington Avenue.  
Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,  
**ARLINGTON.**

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

**PASTE**  
that will not stick, but you will stick to it; L'Espresso Paste, sold by Pearson & Tobey, and is really a fine thing.

**TO THE CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON!**



A branch store has been recently opened, opposite the Depot, where will be found the usual variety kept in a Fancy Bread Store.

**Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M.** **Fresh Morning Bread,** and the best of FANCY CAKE, with all kinds of Fancy Crackers. Orders received for Cake, Ice Cream, Fruit, &c., for public and private parties.

**Arlington Advertisements.**

**WM. L. CLARK & CO.**  
**CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,**  
AND  
**HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.**

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surchingle, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes.

all  
Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

**ADMIRABLE** Hair Dressing, is the Lustrating Balm sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, Arlington. It cleanses your head of Dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy.

**MOORE'S ARLINGTON & NORTH CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS.**  
**TWO TRIPS DAILY.**  
Leaves Arlington 8 and 11 o'clock A. M.  
Leaves No. Cambridge 8.30 & 11.30 A. M.  
Leaves Boston 11.30 A. M. and 3 P. M.

**OFFICES:**  
In Boston, 34 and 36 Court Square, and 45 No. Market Street.  
In Arlington, at the Centre Depot, and at house on Arlington Avenue.  
In No. Cambridge, at Henderson's Block.  
Goods and Packages of all descriptions carefully handled and promptly delivered.  
Thankful for past favors, the patronage of the citizens of Arlington and No. Cambridge is respectfully solicited.

**O. G. Robinson,**  
**FISH & OYSTER MARKET,**  
Corner of Main and Water Sts.,  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

**OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.**

**SALT, CORNED, & SMOKED FISH** of all kinds. Fresh supplies constantly on hand.

**M. A. Richardson & Co.,**  
DEALERS IN  
**PERIODICALS & STATIONERY!**  
Gent's Furnishing Goods,  
HATS, CAPS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

**Arlington Ave. at R. R. Crossing,**  
**Arlington, Mass.**

**AGENTS FOR THE**  
**ARLINGTON ADVOCATE!**  
And authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements. Orders for Job Printing promptly attended to.

**D. DODGE,**  
**APOTHECARY**

Besides his large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., keeps constantly on hand

**FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,**  
Tooth and Hair Brushes, Gent's Collars in large variety.

**PURE SPICES,** Soda and Cream of Tartar, and the various grades of the Oriental Tea and Coffee, at the Co's very low Warehouse prices.

**WILLIAM O. MENCHIN,**  
**WHEELWRIGHT,**  
**ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.**

Carriages Made and Repaired.

**HENRY LOCKE,**  
DEALER IN  
**PROVISIONS,**  
**Vegetables, Fruits, &c.**

**Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.**

**U** SHOULD read the **UNION SPY**, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

**Lexington Advertisements.**

**L. G. BABCOCK,**  
(AT THE POST-OFFICE.)

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

**DRUGS,**  
**MEDICINES,**  
**TOILET ARTICLES,**

And all goods usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. Also, a nice assortment of Stationery, Confectionery and Fancy Goods.

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AND  
**HOLIDAY GOODS.**

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Waltham, Elgin, and U. S. Watches are not excelled by any Watches in the market for time keepers and economy.

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Goods received for Barrett's Dye House.  
Agen. for the Celebrated BURDETT ORGAN.

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Including the Mangle Portable Range,  
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Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.

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**MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON,**  
And Main Street, near the Centre Depot.



# PERKINS HAS THE TOOTHACHE.

When I went to bed last night I apprehended trouble. Along one jaw—the left one—occasionally capered a grumbling sensation. It kept me awake an hour or so, trying to determine whether that was all there was of it, or whether there was something to come after that which would need my wakeful presence to contend against. Thus pondering I fell asleep and forgot all about the trouble. I don't know how long I slept, but I fell to dreaming that I had made a match, for \$58 a side, to fight a crocodile in a steam mill, and was well to work on the job when the saw got my head between its teeth. I thought it was a favorable time to wake up, and I did so. It immediately transpired that I might better have stayed where I was and taken the chances with the saw.

I found myself sitting straight up in bed, with one hand spasmodically grasping my jaw and the other awaying to and fro without any apparent cause.

It was an awful pain. It bored like lightning through the basement of my jaw, darted across the roof of my mouth and then ran lengthwise of my teeth. If every pang had been a drunken plow chased by a demon across the stump lot, I think the observer would understand my condition. I could no more get hold of the fearful agony that was cavorting around in me than I could pick up a piece of wet soap when in a great hurry.

Suddenly it stopped. It went, giving me a parting kick that fairly made me howl.

I thought I was rid of the toothache, but a grumbling set in the next morning. It was just like the feeling of the night before, and a still, small voice said to me, "Look out, Perkins."

I did. I went right away to the dentist who has pulled the teeth of our family and knew our peculiarities. There was an uneasy smell about his office; it was very suggestive of trouble, and as I sniffed it in I experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at him and sickly smiled. He was never, even on a holiday the handsomest of men, but now his appearance was very, very depressing. He looked like a corpse with a lighted candle inside of it.

I told him what the matter was with me; how I had been up all night with a four story pain; how my wife had been thrown out of bed by the violence of my suffering; how—

He asked me if I wouldn't sit down. I sat down on what was once a hoghead but now cut down and newly carpeted. He held back my head, opened my mouth, and went to fishing around inside with a piece of watch spring.

And while he angled he conversed. Said he:

"You have caught a terrible hard cold."

"I have."

"It seems the trouble is with one of the bicusps."

Of course I didn't know what a bicuspid was, but I thought it wouldn't look well in the head of the family being struck with so short a word as that; so I asked with some vigor.

"Which one?"

"The tumorous one," said he.

"I am glad it ain't any worse," I replied, with a sigh of relief.

"The frontal bone is not seriously affected. The submaxillary gland is somewhat enlarged, but it does not necessarily follow that parotitis will ensue."

"I am proud to hear that," said I, which I certainly was, although, if the parotitis had ensued, it is not at all likely that I should have minded it much, unless it was something that would spoil, as I was dressed up in my best.

He kept on talking and angling.

"The oesophagus ain't loose," he remarked.

"Ah!" said I, winking at him.

"Oh, no, the ligaments are firm. I might say—"

"Did it hurt you?" he asked, as cool and calm as the lid of an ice cream freezer.

"Hurt me! Great Heavens! Did you expect to split me open with a watch spring and not hurt me? What was the matter—did you slip?"

"Certainly not," he said; "I was just getting hold of the tooth. Just hold your head back an instant, and I will have it out at once."

"I guess I won't try it again," said I with a shiver. The toothache is bad enough, but is heaven alongside of that watch spring. You may come up some time and pull it out, when I ain't at home. I think I could endure the operation if it was off about eight blocks. Come up when you can."

**A SHABBY GOVERNMENT.**—The P. E. Island Government is not corrupt—it is shabby. The Legislature, at the last session, voted \$200 to the fund for the relief of the French sufferers by the war. The French Consul recently reminded the Government that the amount had not been paid, and was informed that the Government did not now think the expenditure necessary! The faith of the colony was pledged to the payment of the money and the colony got all the credit that it deserved for the generous act of its Legislature, and now the Government refuses to pay the amount. Fortunately, there is evidence before the world that the present Government of Prince Edward Island does not faithfully represent the people.—*H. Chron.*

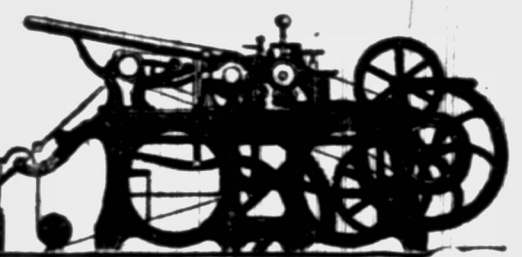
How to "turn people's heads,"—Go late to church.

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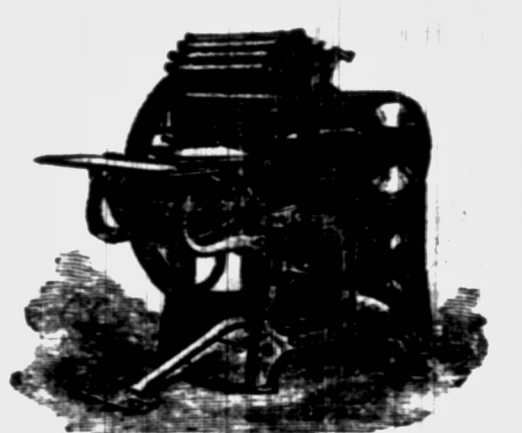
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Orders left at the Office, 204 Main Street, Woburn, or with M. A. Richardson & Co., Arlington, L. G. Babcock, Lexington, G. P. Brown, Winchester, promptly attended to.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

PARKER'S PRINTING OFFICE,

204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

# THE Boston Daily News FOR 1872 An Independent Morning and Evening Journal.

The NEWS for the coming year  
Offers to all classes of people a most profitable and entertaining sheet. To the Religious and Temperance classes, it brings news and discussions of the highest importance, much of which can be found in no other paper.

To the Farmers and Produce Dealers, it offers the most interesting Statistics of Trade that are to be furnished by the various mercantile exchanges and produce markets. No farmer can afford to do without our market reports.

The paper is independent in Politics and Religion, and is the organ of no sect or party. It is an earnest advocate of Temperance, a sharp critic of corrupt administration in office, and urges the greatest economy and strictest integrity in all Government expenditures.

It is replete with latest telegraphic and local news, and never causes its readers to blush at any low expression or demoralizing recital.

These features must highly recommend the NEWS to all, as a thoroughly Business, Religious, Temperance, Spicy and Readable Family Paper.

To Jobbers, and Traders generally, the NEWS presents peculiar inducements, by publishing the Hotel Arrivals every Morning.

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Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

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J. P. HAZEN & CO.,  
Boston, Mass.

# THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER for 1872.

The coming year will be full of interest in all branches of thought and activity. It will be decided whether the country will continue to be guided by the national policy under which we have been so wonderfully prospered since the republican party came into power, or will turn aside into new and untrodden paths. A harvest of legislative projects is ripening, some of them wild and impracticable, others of far-reaching significance and importance, affecting almost every trade and occupation in the land, and coming home to the interests and employments of our people. To these are to be added a brood of social questions, crowding upon the public attention and affecting for good or ill the very foundations of social order and happiness. To all these questions—political, economical, social—the DAILY ADVERTISER will now, as heretofore, give its best attention, and will bring to the discussion of them a just, intelligent and impartial spirit. The object of every journal which hopes to commend its counsel to the judgment of discriminating and fair-minded readers is, first, to form itself of the truth; and second, to enforce it by the best means in its power. To accomplish this object is our purpose and constant endeavor.

Nor do we forget, in the discussion of public questions, the varied demands which an exacting public makes upon all newspapers professing to reflect in any degree the busy and changing life of the times. Intelligent observers and trained writers, with peculiar facilities for obtaining information in the great capitals and centres of interest at home and abroad, will continue to make the DAILY ADVERTISER the medium of their correspondence; and their number will be increased as new exigencies call for their services. Special pains will be taken to secure full and trustworthy telegraphic correspondence from Washington during the session now in progress, and from other American cities.

In the department of general and local news, it is our purpose to give as prompt and full a record of each day's important events as the telegraph, the mails and special reporters can furnish, and as is consistent with entire accuracy—making the record both interesting for the passing hour and fit to be referred to hereafter. This will include reports of public meetings of every character, the records of the courts, the transactions of commercial, literary and reformatory associations, the progress of legislation and administration, national, State and municipal, and the daily incidents which make up the life of the citizens of a republic. The attention of skillful and independent writers will continue to be given to the department of music and the drama, and to general literary criticism.

The financial, commercial and marine records will remain in the hands of the competent and experienced reporters who have long had charge of them and have made them an authority with the commercial and business public. To these has been recently added a real estate record, which will present from day to day, as accurately as possible, the changes and fluctuations in this branch of business. The effort to keep up these varied departments, and to secure for all of them the reliance and confidence of experts, requires a large expenditure of labor and money, which we shall not hesitate to increase as rapidly as the business interests of this community demand it, or as the public confidence in our efforts will enable us to do. And in addition to all these regular departments of a well-organized newspaper, we shall give such selections of current miscellany and contributions on topics of special interest, from time to time, as will make the DAILY ADVERTISER as well-welcome a visitor at the breakfast table and the fireside as it has long been a necessary one at all places of professional and business enterprise in New England.

# THE Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER is printed every Tuesday and Friday morning, contains few advertisements, and is devoted to news and miscellaneous reading. It contains all the important news of the Daily, concisely and compactly arranged, all its more interesting correspondence, together with its editorials and miscellaneous selections. To travellers and residents abroad, and to those at home who live at such a distance as to make the receipt of a daily newspaper impracticable, the Semi-Weekly is commended as the next best thing.

# The Weekly Advertiser.

THE WEEKLY ADVERTISER contains all the reading matter of the Daily not of purely transient or local interest, and adds thereto a carefully digested summary of the news of the week, stories selected from the best sources or contributed by writers specially engaged, and an agricultural department prepared exclusively for this edition. To avoid misunderstanding on the part of those wishing for our weekly edition, the name will be changed from the EXTRACTOR to the WEEKLY ADVERTISER, and for convenience the form will be the same as that of the Daily and Semi-Weekly editions.

# TERMS:

The subscription price of the DAILY ADVERTISER is \$12 per annum. To clubs of five and under twenty, to one address, the price is \$9.50 per copy. To clubs of twenty and upwards, the price is \$9 per copy.

The subscription price of the SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER is \$4 per year.

The subscription price of the WEEKLY ADVERTISER is \$1 per year. To clubs of 10 and upwards the price is \$1.50 per copy.

# BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

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1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 12 Buttons.

Latest Styles and Colors.

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BOSTON.

Collections and law business generally, faithfully attended to.

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# THE BOSTON HERALD FOR 1872,

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FIVE EDITIONS EVERY DAY.

THE BEST TWO CENT PAPER IN THE COUNTRY.

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**90,000**

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Enters upon the New Year with increased means for giving all the news to its readers. It has practically increased its space, as it gives twice as much reading matter now for two cents as it gave before the war for one, when it was acknowledged to be the best penny paper in the country.

The HERALD has facilities for obtaining news unsurpassed by any newspaper in the country. It has a large force of local reporters and special correspondents at all points of interest,—in Washington, New York and at the centres of population, everywhere in New England. These correspondents are instructed to forward all the news as promptly as possible, using the telegraph whenever time in publication can be gained thereby. Indeed the telegraph has almost wholly superseded the mails in the correspondence of the HERALD from all points in telegraphic communication with Boston.

The HERALD has of a great advantage over most newspapers which come in competition with it. It is

Its Forms Stereotyped,  
and the large editions are now printed on duplicate plates by two of Hoe's Lightning presses, of six cylinders each, and each capable of printing fifteen thousand impressions an hour. These facilities enable the publishers to hold back the forms to the last moment and give their patrons

# Entirely Independent

in Politics, and can afford to state the truth about all political events. It belongs to no party or clique; its reports are candid to all parties; and its editorial tone is liberal and tolerant, condemning the wrong and commending the right, wherever they are found.

The HERALD is the only paper in New England that has

# The very Latest News.

The HERALD gives its readers more reading matter for two cents than any other newspaper in the country, and it serves the news up in a spicy and spirited form for which it has long been celebrated.

# Advertisers

will find the HERALD one of the most valuable mediums for their use. Its daily circulation is over

Ninety Thousand Copies,

which is four times as large as any other paper in New England, and is only exceeded by one newspaper (a small one cent paper) in the country. Its advertising rates are moderate and uniform; no deviation from printed rates being made in any form whatever, either as a discount or as commission to agents.

The HERALD is one of the largest two-cent papers in the country, and as the plates are made fresh from new and unworn type, while paper of good weight and quality is used, the impression is always clear and legible.

The price of the HERALD is two cents per copy, and it is sold to agents at \$1.25 per hundred.

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No Agents employed to solicit either Subscriptions or Advertisements.

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is of the same size as the Daily, containing a great variety of reading matter, including Voluminous Special News Dispatches and Markets by Telegraph, full reports of Local News, Editorials, Timely Musical and Dramatic Criticisms, a Business Review of the Week, the best review of the Boston Stock Market published, &c., &c. It has a circulation of

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The price of the SUNDAY HERALD is five cents per single copy; and it is sold to agents at \$3.50 per hundred. To subscribers, Two Dollars per annum. All orders should be addressed to

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